

## Hawkwind "Steppenwolf"

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You can see my eyes are lupine  
The liquid golden fires glare  
My loping walk, my slinking spine  
Are signs that there is something there  
The way my nostrils flare for odours  
The way my ears prick up for sound  
My hair's electrically aware  
Tells me things for miles around  
I am a man-wolf, I am a wolf man  
I have half a canine mind  
I have half the mind of man  
I am neither of one kind  
Maybe it was only an hallucination  
I'm no stranger to such things  
I made a thorough investigation  
The image had a power that clings  
To my jaded imagination  
My brain has found the bells it rings

Like a wolf my wilful loafing  
My languishing alone in my lair  
Where you will never hear me laughing  
I'm half in love with dark and despair  
The Moon's a howling, mouth of mercury  
Quicksilver quivering in the sky  
It echoes like a cave of chromium  
That'll vacuum up my soul when I die  
I am a wolf man, I am a man-wolf

A freak, a fiend, a figment of mind  
A species of the steppes and city

I am neither of one kind  
Dissolving in the splendour of this desolation  
The forest has been filled by a fog  
Exactly a description of my isolation  
I made a note of it in my log  
To the secret of all creation  
I follow my own trail like a dog

I am a wolf man who walks alone in the gas lamp

Shadows of the streets at night  
I am a man-wolf upright on two feet in the  
city dressed somberly as a man  
I am a wolf man under skies heavy with snow  
My eyes are convex lenses of ebony embedded  
in amber  
I am a man-wolf  
The fat bourgeois and his doppelgänger  
are buried in their solid glare  
Twin specimens of insect set for display  
I am a man-wolf, the man in me would kill the wolf  
I am a wolf man, the wolf in me would eat the man  
I am a wolf man, who despises the striving of common  
men  
Who sees them at work, at their daily tasks  
at factories and office desk  
Who watches them at evening, elbows lifted at tavern  
tables,  
heads lolling in song  
Ich weiss nicht was ich sagen sollen

I saw a neon sign reflected in a pool of liquid sky  
It was not what I expected I was only walking by  
The sign said "to the magic theatre"  
It is not for everyone  
It is but for madmen only, the first performance has  
begun  
I looked up to see that notice where the lights were  
shining from  
Nothing but blank wall was there  
and their reflection too was gone  
Maybe it was only an hallucination  
I'm no stranger to such things  
I made a thorough investigation  
The image had a power that clings  
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